

# The Taming of the Shrew

## ACT IV

### SCENE I. PETRUCHIO'S country house.

*Enter GRUMIO*

#### **GRUMIO**

Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me: but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, ho! Curtis.

*Enter CURTIS*

#### **CURTIS**

Who is that calls so coldly?

#### **GRUMIO**

A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire good Curtis.

#### **CURTIS**

Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

#### **GRUMIO**

O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast

on no water.

**CURTIS**

Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

**GRUMIO**

She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou knowest, winter tames man, woman and beast; for it hath tamed my old master and my new mistress and myself, fellow Curtis.

**CURTIS**

Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

**GRUMIO**

Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

**CURTIS**

I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

**GRUMIO**

A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and therefore fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

**CURTIS**

There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news.

**GRUMIO**

Why, 'Jack, boy! ho! boy!' and as much news as will thaw.

**CURTIS**

Come, you are so full of cony-catching!

**GRUMIO**

Why, therefore fire; for I have caught extreme cold.  
Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house  
trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the  
serving-men in their new fustian, their white  
stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on?  
Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without,  
the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

**CURTIS**

All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news.

**GRUMIO**

First, know, my horse is tired; my master and  
mistress fallen out.

**CURTIS**

How?

**GRUMIO**

Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby  
hangs a tale.

**CURTIS**

Let's ha't, good Grumio.

**GRUMIO**

Lend thine ear.

**CURTIS**

Here.

**GRUMIO**

There.

*Strikes him*

**CURTIS**

This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

**GRUMIO**

And therefore 'tis called a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: Imprimis, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress,--

**CURTIS**

Both of one horse?

**GRUMIO**

What's that to thee?

**CURTIS**

Why, a horse.

**GRUMIO**

Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not crossed me,  
thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell and she  
under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how  
miry a place, how she was bemoiled, how he left her  
with the horse upon her, how he beat me because  
her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt  
to pluck him off me, how he swore, how she prayed,  
that never prayed before, how I cried, how the  
horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I  
lost my crupper, with many things of worthy memory,  
which now shall die in oblivion and thou return  
unexperienced to thy grave.

**CURTIS**

By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

**GRUMIO**

Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall  
find when he comes home. But what talk I of this?  
Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip,  
Walter, Sugarsop and the rest: let their heads be  
sleekly combed their blue coats brushed and their  
garters of an indifferent knit: let them curtsy  
with their left legs and not presume to touch a hair  
of my master's horse-tail till they kiss their  
hands. Are they all ready?

**CURTIS**

They are.

**GRUMIO**

Call them forth.

**CURTIS**

Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master to  
countenance my mistress.

**GRUMIO**

Why, she hath a face of her own.

**CURTIS**

Who knows not that?

**GRUMIO**

Thou, it seems, that calls for company to  
countenance her.

**CURTIS**

I call them forth to credit her.

**GRUMIO**

Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

*Enter four or five Serving-men*

**NATHANIEL**

Welcome home, Grumio!

**PHILIP**

How now, Grumio!

**JOSEPH**

What, Grumio!

**NICHOLAS**

Fellow Grumio!

**NATHANIEL**

How now, old lad?

**GRUMIO**

Welcome, you;--how now, you;-- what, you;--fellow,  
you;--and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce  
companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

**NATHANIEL**

All things is ready. How near is our master?

**GRUMIO**

E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be  
not--Cock's passion, silence! I hear my master.

*Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA*

**PETRUCHIO**

Where be these knaves? What, no man at door  
To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse!  
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

**ALL SERVING-MEN**

Here, here, sir; here, sir.

**PETRUCHIO**

Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!  
You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!  
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?  
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

**GRUMIO**

Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

**PETRUCHIO**

You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!  
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,  
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

**GRUMIO**

Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,  
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;  
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,  
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:  
There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;  
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;  
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

**PETRUCHIO**

Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

*Exeunt Servants*

*Singing*

Where is the life that late I led--  
Where are those--Sit down, Kate, and welcome.--  
Sound, sound, sound, sound!

*Re-enter Servants with supper*



Why, when, I say? Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.  
Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, when?

*Sings*

It was the friar of orders grey,  
As he forth walked on his way:--  
Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:  
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.

*Strikes him*

Be merry, Kate. Some water, here; what, ho!  
Where's my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah, get you hence,  
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:  
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.  
Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?

*Enter one with water*

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.  
You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?

*Strikes him*

**KATHARINA**

Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

**PETRUCHIO**

A whoreson beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!  
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.  
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?  
What's this? mutton?

**First Servant**

Ay.

**PETRUCHIO**

Who brought it?

**PETER**

I.

**PETRUCHIO**

'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.  
What dogs are these! Where is the rascal cook?  
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,  
And serve it thus to me that love it not?  
Theretake it to you, trenchers, cups, and all;

*Throws the meat, &c. about the stage*  
You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd slaves!  
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

**KATHARINA**

I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet:  
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

**PETRUCHIO**

I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;  
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,  
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;  
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,  
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,  
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.  
Be patient; to-morrow 't shall be mended,  
And, for this night, we'll fast for company:  
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

*Exeunt*

*Re-enter Servants severally*

**NATHANIEL**

Peter, didst ever see the like?

**PETER**

He kills her in her own humour.

*Re-enter CURTIS*

**GRUMIO**

Where is he?

**CURTIS**

In her chamber, making a sermon of continency to her;  
And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,  
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,  
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.  
Away, away! for he is coming hither.

*Exeunt*

*Re-enter PETRUCHIO*

**PETRUCHIO**

Thus have I politicly begun my reign,  
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.  
My falcon now is sharp and passing empty;  
And till she stoop she must not be full-gorged,  
For then she never looks upon her lure.  
Another way I have to man my haggard,  
To make her come and know her keeper's call,  
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites  
That bate and beat and will not be obedient.  
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;  
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;  
As with the meat, some undeserved fault  
I'll find about the making of the bed;  
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,  
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:  
Ay, and amid this hurly I intend  
That all is done in reverend care of her;  
And in conclusion she shall watch all night:  
And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl  
And with the clamour keep her still awake.

This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;  
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.  
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,  
Now let him speak: 'tis charity to show.

*Exit*

## SCENE II. Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S house.

*Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO*

**TRANIO**

Is't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca  
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?  
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

**HORTENSIO**

Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,  
Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching.

*Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO*

**LUCENTIO**

Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

**BIANCA**

What, master, read you? first resolve me that.

**LUCENTIO**

I read that I profess, the Art to Love.

**BIANCA**

And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

**LUCENTIO**

While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart!

**HORTENSIO**

Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,  
You that durst swear at your mistress Bianca  
Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.

**TRANIO**

O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!  
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

**HORTENSIO**

Mistake no more: I am not Licio,  
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;  
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,  
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,  
And makes a god of such a cullion:  
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

**TRANIO**

Signior Hortensio, I have often heard  
Of your entire affection to Bianca;  
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,  
I will with you, if you be so contented,  
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

**HORTENSIO**

See, how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio,  
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow  
Never to woo her no more, but do forswear her,  
As one unworthy all the former favours  
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

**TRANIO**

And here I take the unfeigned oath,  
Never to marry with her though she would entreat:  
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him!

**HORTENSIO**

Would all the world but he had quite forsworn!  
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,  
I will be married to a wealthy widow,  
Ere three days pass, which hath as long loved me  
As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.  
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.  
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,  
Shall win my love: and so I take my leave,  
In resolution as I swore before.

*Exit*

**TRANIO**

Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace  
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!  
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,  
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

**BIANCA**

Tranio, you jest: but have you both forsworn me?

**TRANIO**

Mistress, we have.

**LUCENTIO**

Then we are rid of Licio.

**TRANIO**

I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,  
That shall be wood and wedded in a day.

**BIANCA**

God give him joy!

**TRANIO**

Ay, and he'll tame her.

**BIANCA**

He says so, Tranio.

**TRANIO**

Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

**BIANCA**

The taming-school! what, is there such a place?

**TRANIO**

Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;  
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,  
To tame a shrew and charm her chattering tongue.

*Enter BIONDELLO*

**BIONDELLO**

O master, master, I have watch'd so long  
That I am dog-weary: but at last I spied  
An ancient angel coming down the hill,  
Will serve the turn.

**TRANIO**

What is he, Biondello?

**BIONDELLO**

Master, a mercatante, or a pedant,  
I know not what; but format in apparel,  
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

**LUCENTIO**

And what of him, Tranio?

**TRANIO**

If he be credulous and trust my tale,  
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,  
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,  
As if he were the right Vincentio  
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

*Exeunt LUCENTIO and BIANCA*

*Enter a Pedant*

**Pedant**

God save you, sir!

**TRANIO**

And you, sir! you are welcome.  
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

**Pedant**

Sir, at the farthest for a week or two:  
But then up farther, and as for as Rome;  
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.



**TRANIO**

What countryman, I pray?

**Pedant**

Of Mantua.

**TRANIO**

Of Mantua, sir? marry, God forbid!  
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

**Pedant**

My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.

**TRANIO**

'Tis death for any one in Mantua  
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?  
Your ships are stay'd at Venice, and the duke,  
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,  
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:  
'Tis, marvel, but that you are but newly come,  
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

**Pedant**

Alas! sir, it is worse for me than so;  
For I have bills for money by exchange  
From Florence and must here deliver them.

**TRANIO**

Well, sir, to do you courtesy,  
This will I do, and this I will advise you:  
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

**Pedant**

Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been,  
Pisa renowned for grave citizens.

**TRANIO**

Among them know you one Vincentio?

**Pedant**

I know him not, but I have heard of him;  
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

**TRANIO**

He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,  
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

**BIONDELLO**

*Aside* As much as an apple doth an oyster,  
and all one.

**TRANIO**

To save your life in this extremity,  
This favour will I do you for his sake;  
And think it not the worst of an your fortunes  
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.  
His name and credit shall you undertake,  
And in my house you shall be friendly lodged:  
Look that you take upon you as you should;  
You understand me, sir: so shall you stay  
Till you have done your business in the city:  
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

**Pedant**

O sir, I do; and will repute you ever  
The patron of my life and liberty.

**TRANIO**

Then go with me to make the matter good.  
This, by the way, I let you understand;  
my father is here look'd for every day,  
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage  
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:  
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:  
Go with me to clothe you as becomes you.

*Exeunt*

SCENE III. A room in PETRUCHIO'S house.

*Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO*

**GRUMIO**

No, no, forsooth; I dare not for my life.

**KATHARINA**

The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:  
What, did he marry me to famish me?  
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,  
Upon entreaty have a present aims;  
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:  
But I, who never knew how to entreat,  
Nor never needed that I should entreat,  
Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,  
With oath kept waking and with brawling fed:  
And that which spites me more than all these wants,  
He does it under name of perfect love;  
As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,  
'Twere deadly sickness or else present death.  
I prithee go and get me some repast;  
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

**GRUMIO**

What say you to a neat's foot?

**KATHARINA**

'Tis passing good: I prithee let me have it.

**GRUMIO**

I fear it is too choleric a meat.  
How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?

**KATHARINA**

I like it well: good Grumio, fetch it me.

**GRUMIO**

I cannot tell; I fear 'tis choleric.  
What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

**KATHARINA**

A dish that I do love to feed upon.

**GRUMIO**

Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

**KATHARINA**

Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

**GRUMIO**

Nay then, I will not: you shall have the mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

**KATHARINA**

Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

**GRUMIO**

Why then, the mustard without the beef.

**KATHARINA**

Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,

*Beats him*

That feed'st me with the very name of meat:

Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery!

Go, get thee gone, I say.

*Enter PETRUCHIO and HORTENSIO with meat*

**PETRUCHIO**

How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amot?

**HORTENSIO**

Mistress, what cheer?

**KATHARINA**

Faith, as cold as can be.

**PETRUCHIO**

Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.

Here love; thou see'st how diligent I am

To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee:

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.  
What, not a word? Nay, then thou lovest it not;  
And all my pains is sorted to no proof.  
Here, take away this dish.

**KATHARINA**

I pray you, let it stand.

**PETRUCHIO**

The poorest service is repaid with thanks;  
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

**KATHARINA**

I thank you, sir.

**HORTENSIO**

Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.  
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

**PETRUCHIO**

*Aside* Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me.  
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!  
Kate, eat apace: and now, my honey love,  
Will we return unto thy father's house  
And revel it as bravely as the best,  
With silken coats and caps and golden rings,  
With ruffs and cuffs and fardingales and things;  
With scarfs and fans and double change of bravery,  
With amber bracelets, beads and all this knavery.  
What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure,  
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

*Enter Tailor*

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

Lay forth the gown.

*Enter Haberdasher*

What news with you, sir?

**Haberdasher**

Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

**PETRUCHIO**

Why, this was moulded on a porringer;  
A velvet dish: fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:  
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,  
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap:  
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

**KATHARINA**

I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,  
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these

**PETRUCHIO**

When you are gentle, you shall have one too,  
And not till then.

**HORTENSIO**

*Aside* That will not be in haste.

**KATHARINA**

Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak;  
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:  
Your betters have endured me say my mind,  
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.  
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,

Or else my heart concealing it will break,  
And rather than it shall, I will be free  
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

**PETRUCHIO**

Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,  
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie:  
I love thee well, in that thou likest it not.

**KATHARINA**

Love me or love me not, I like the cap;  
And it I will have, or I will have none.

*Exit Haberdasher*

**PETRUCHIO**

Thy gown? why, ay: come, tailor, let us see't.  
O mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here?  
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:  
What, up and down, carved like an apple-tart?  
Here's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash,  
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:  
Why, what, i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

**HORTENSIO**

*Aside* I see she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

**Tailor**

You bid me make it orderly and well,  
According to the fashion and the time.

**PETRUCHIO**



Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,  
I did not bid you mar it to the time.  
Go, hop me over every kennel home,  
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:  
I'll none of it: hence! make your best of it.

**KATHARINA**

I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,  
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:  
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

**PETRUCHIO**

Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

**Tailor**

She says your worship means to make  
a puppet of her.

**PETRUCHIO**

O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,  
thou thimble,  
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!  
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou!  
Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread?  
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;  
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard  
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou livest!  
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

**Tailor**

Your worship is deceived; the gown is made  
Just as my master had direction:  
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

**GRUMIO**

I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

**Tailor**

But how did you desire it should be made?

**GRUMIO**

Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

**Tailor**

But did you not request to have it cut?

**GRUMIO**

Thou hast faced many things.

**Tailor**

I have.

**GRUMIO**

Face not me: thou hast braved many men; brave not me; I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: ergo, thou liest.

**Tailor**

Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify

**PETRUCHIO**

Read it.

**GRUMIO**

The note lies in's throat, if he say I said so.

**Tailor**

*Reads* 'Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown.'

**GRUMIO**

Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said a gown.

**PETRUCHIO**

Proceed.

**Tailor**

*Reads* 'With a small compassed cape.'

**GRUMIO**

I confess the cape.

**Tailor**

*Reads* 'With a trunk sleeve.'

**GRUMIO**

I confess two sleeves.

**Tailor**

*Reads* 'The sleeves curiously cut.'

**PETRUCHIO**

Ay, there's the villany.

**GRUMIO**

Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill.  
I commanded the sleeves should be cut out and  
sewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee,  
though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

**Tailor**

This is true that I say: an I had thee  
in place where, thou shouldst know it.

**GRUMIO**

I am for thee straight: take thou the  
bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

**HORTENSIO**

God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

**PETRUCHIO**

Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

**GRUMIO**

You are i' the right, sir: 'tis for my mistress.

**PETRUCHIO**

Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

**GRUMIO**

Villain, not for thy life: take up my mistress'  
gown for thy master's use!

**PETRUCHIO**

Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

**GRUMIO**

O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for:  
Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!  
O, fie, fie, fie!

**PETRUCHIO**

*Aside* Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.  
Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

**HORTENSIO**

Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown tomorrow:  
Take no unkindness of his hasty words:  
Away! I say; commend me to thy master.

*Exit Tailor*

## PETRUCHIO

Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's  
Even in these honest mean habiliments:  
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;  
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;  
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,  
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.  
What is the jay more precious than the lark,  
Because his fathers are more beautiful?  
Or is the adder better than the eel,  
Because his painted skin contents the eye?  
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse  
For this poor furniture and mean array.  
if thou account'st it shame. lay it on me;  
And therefore frolic: we will hence forthwith,  
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.  
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;  
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end;  
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot  
Let's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,  
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

## KATHARINA

I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;  
And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

## PETRUCHIO

It shall be seven ere I go to horse:  
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,  
You are still crossing it. Sirs, let't alone:  
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,  
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

## HORTENSIO

*Aside* Why, so this gallant will command the sun.

*Exeunt*

**SCENE IV. Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S house.**

*Enter TRANIO, and the Pedant dressed like VINCENTIO*

**TRANIO**

Sir, this is the house: please it you that I call?

**Pedant**

Ay, what else? and but I be deceived  
Signior Baptista may remember me,  
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,  
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

**TRANIO**

'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,  
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

**Pedant**

I warrant you.

*Enter BIONDELLO*

But, sir, here comes your boy;  
'Twere good he were school'd.

**TRANIO**

Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,  
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you:  
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

**BIONDELLO**

Tut, fear not me.

**TRANIO**

But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

**BIONDELLO**

I told him that your father was at Venice,  
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

**TRANIO**

Thou'rt a tall fellow: hold thee that to drink.  
Here comes Baptista: set your countenance, sir.

*Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO*  
Signior Baptista, you are happily met.

*To the Pedant*  
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of:  
I pray you stand good father to me now,  
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

**Pedant**

Soft son!  
Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua  
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio  
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause  
Of love between your daughter and himself:  
And, for the good report I hear of you  
And for the love he beareth to your daughter  
And she to him, to stay him not too long,  
I am content, in a good father's care,  
To have him match'd; and if you please to like  
No worse than I, upon some agreement  
Me shall you find ready and willing  
With one consent to have her so bestow'd;  
For curious I cannot be with you,  
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

**BAPTISTA**

Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:  
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.



Right true it is, your son Lucentio here  
Doth love my daughter and she loveth him,  
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:  
And therefore, if you say no more than this,  
That like a father you will deal with him  
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,  
The match is made, and all is done:  
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

**TRANIO**

I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best  
We be affied and such assurance ta'en  
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

**BAPTISTA**

Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,  
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:  
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still;  
And happily we might be interrupted.

**TRANIO**

Then at my lodging, an it like you:  
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,  
We'll pass the business privately and well.  
Send for your daughter by your servant here:  
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.  
The worst is this, that, at so slender warning,  
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.

**BAPTISTA**

It likes me well. Biondello, hie you home,  
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;  
And, if you will, tell what hath happened,  
Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,  
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

**BIONDELLO**

I pray the gods she may with all my heart!

**TRANIO**

Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.

*Exit BIONDELLO*

Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?

Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer:

Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

**BAPTISTA**

I follow you.

*Exeunt TRANIO, Pedant, and BAPTISTA*

*Re-enter BIONDELLO*

**BIONDELLO**

Cambio!

**LUCENTIO**

What sayest thou, Biondello?

**BIONDELLO**

You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

**LUCENTIO**

Biondello, what of that?

**BIONDELLO**

Faith, nothing; but has left me here behind, to  
expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

**LUCENTIO**

I pray thee, moralize them.

**BIONDELLO**

Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the  
deceiving father of a deceitful son.

**LUCENTIO**

And what of him?

**BIONDELLO**

His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

**LUCENTIO**

And then?

**BIONDELLO**

The old priest of Saint Luke's church is at your  
command at all hours.

**LUCENTIO**

And what of all this?

**BIONDELLO**

I cannot tell; expect they are busied about a  
counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her,

'cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum:' to the church; take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses: If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say, But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

**LUCENTIO**

Hearest thou, Biondello?

**BIONDELLO**

I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir: and so, adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix.

*Exit*

**LUCENTIO**

I may, and will, if she be so contented:  
She will be pleased; then wherefore should I doubt?  
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her:  
It shall go hard if Cambio go without her.

*Exit*

**SCENE V. A public road.**

*Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and Servants*

**PETRUCHIO**

Come on, i' God's name; once more toward our father's.  
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

**KATHARINA**

The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.

**PETRUCHIO**

I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

**KATHARINA**

I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

**PETRUCHIO**

Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,  
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,  
Or ere I journey to your father's house.  
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.  
Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!

**HORTENSIO**

Say as he says, or we shall never go.

**KATHARINA**

Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,  
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:  
An if you please to call it a rush-candle,  
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

**PETRUCHIO**

I say it is the moon.

**KATHARINA**

I know it is the moon.

**PETRUCHIO**

Nay, then you lie: it is the blessed sun.

**KATHARINA**

Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun:  
But sun it is not, when you say it is not;  
And the moon changes even as your mind.  
What you will have it named, even that it is;  
And so it shall be so for Katharina.

**HORTENSIO**

Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

**PETRUCHIO**

Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should run,  
And not unluckily against the bias.  
But, soft! company is coming here.

*Enter VINCENTIO*

*To VINCENTIO*

Good morrow, gentle mistress: where away?  
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,  
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?  
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!  
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,  
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?  
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.  
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

**HORTENSIO**

A' will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

**KATHARINA**

Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,  
Whither away, or where is thy abode?  
Happy the parents of so fair a child;

Happier the man, whom favourable stars  
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

**PETRUCHIO**

Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad:  
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd,  
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

**KATHARINA**

Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,  
That have been so bedazzled with the sun  
That everything I look on seemeth green:  
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;  
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

**PETRUCHIO**

Do, good old grandsire; and withal make known  
Which way thou travellest: if along with us,  
We shall be joyful of thy company.

**VINCENTIO**

Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,  
That with your strange encounter much amazed me,  
My name is call'd Vincentio; my dwelling Pisa;  
And bound I am to Padua; there to visit  
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

**PETRUCHIO**

What is his name?

**VINCENTIO**

Lucentio, gentle sir.

**PETRUCHIO**

Happily we met; the happier for thy son.  
And now by law, as well as reverend age,  
I may entitle thee my loving father:  
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,  
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,  
Nor be grieved: she is of good esteem,  
Her dowery wealthy, and of worthy birth;  
Beside, so qualified as may beseem  
The spouse of any noble gentleman.  
Let me embrace with old Vincentio,  
And wander we to see thy honest son,  
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

**VINCENTIO**

But is it true? or else is it your pleasure,  
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest  
Upon the company you overtake?

**HORTENSIO**

I do assure thee, father, so it is.

**PETRUCHIO**

Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;  
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

*Exeunt all but HORTENSIO*

**HORTENSIO**

Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.  
Have to my widow! and if she be froward,  
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

*Exit*